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CULTURE & COUNTER CULTURE

Alienated youth are challenging fundamentally our Enlightenment tradition—Myron B. Bloy, Jr.

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NEWS AND VIEWS

The Christmas-time detonation at the Nevada proving grounds of a thermonuclear device 50 times more powerful than the Hiroshima bomb confirms the sham which the U.S. is making of the nuclear test ban treaty.

That treaty was hailed in 1963 as an important step in controlling the nuclear arms' race; what it has amounted to, so far as the U.S. is concerned, is control only of radiation fall-out (by the confining of radiation dust to underground testing chambers).

This is not a blessing to be minimized, but it is also not a primary hope invested in the treaty—which was to curb the development of nuclear weapons by placing limitations on the testing which might be done.

Presumably, if nuclear testing were banned from the atmosphere, space and under water, and restricted underground, a control would be operative on the size and types of nuclear weapons' development. What a naive notion that turned out to be.

Through its sophisticated technology, the U.S. has been able to make underground testing techniques meet virtually every testing end. Accordingly, since the signing of the 1963 treaty, the U.S. has exploded no less than 172 nuclear devices at the Nevada range in the advancement of its nuclear arms program.

Not a few persons are disturbed over all this. First, there is a duplicity at work; the Nevada tests do not violate the letter of the 1963 treaty, but they devastate its spirit. Secondly, there are appalling hazards involved in the testing—hazards which U.S. officials refuse to face up to. As Dr. Douglas Willett of the University of Utah exclaimed before the detonation of a one-megaton device Dec. 19, "Apparently they plan to keep going until something unprecedented happens."

The Howard Hughes organization fears that that "something" may be the seeding of earthquakes, through a disturbing of the earth's strata over a wide region of Western U.S., and the poisoning of underground water supplies in an area extending from Nevada into California and Arizona.

The Hughes organization has been fighting the Nevada tests for years, and is currently pressing the Pentagon to make public the results of a study which it says was ordered by former Defense Secretary McNamara and carried out at a cost of $250,000. The study reportedly concludes that there is "no further need for underground testing to perfect any known military needs or further nuclear research."

The Pentagon disclaims any knowledge of the study, but the Hughes organization is insistent. In fact, more than insistent—accusatory. It charges the study has been suppressed; further, it suggests that one purpose of recent underground tests is to explore whether underground explosions might in fact cause earthquakes, which might themselves be used as geological weapons.

"It would be strange indeed," said a Hughes memorandum to Donald F. Hornig, science advisor to President Johnson, "if the tests turn out to be a deliberate experiment to wreck the environment, all the while contending there was no relation between underground nuclear explosions and earthquakes."

The Atomic Energy Commission poo-poos the notion; others are not so cavalier.

•

Jack Raymond documents further the bonanza that is Vietnam. He writes in the *Harvard Business Review:*

"The Vietnam buildup since 1965 increased jobs in virtually all industries, including more than 141,000 new jobs in the aerospace industry, 10,000 in the communications equipment industry, 74,000 in transportation, 30,000 in the clothing industry, 30,000 in iron and steel manufacturing, and 12,000 in the food industry."

According to Raymond, "some 12,000 prime contractors and 100,000 subcontractors enjoy the defense business that is generated in the different military programs."

•

Avalon Hill, the games company which delivered to the culture such competitive delights as Afrika Corps, U-Boat and Guadalcanal, has moved to religion. The Baltimore firm is now marketing two "faith-to-faith combat" games, "Journeys of St. Paul" and "Year of the Lord."

"Journeys of St. Paul" is a dice-board game which sets competitors off "to pick up the Epistles of St. Paul and get St. Paul to Rome before someone else does." Each competitor "is allowed the assistance of Timothy and Titus."

"Year of the Lord" is a calendar game. Avalon considers it a natural: "Since the church calendar encompasses the whole life of Christ, this makes a wonderful racetrack . . . through Advent into Christmas, off again to the Epiphany, around the corner to Easter, and circling the board to Pentecost."

Avalon Hill tested the games recently on seven clergymen in Crafton, Pa., a Pittsburgh suburb, and was thrilled with the results. "The game-playing preachers astonished even themselves by abiding by the same rules without incurring any form of heavenly wrath," a press release proclaimed.

Avalon Hill isn't resting on its laurels. Marketing director Thomas N. Shaw writes: "We have not planned any religious games pitting the Jews against the Christians. However, we have a dandy going between the lions and the Christians."

•

Question of the Week—New York Mets star Ron Swoboda after a USO tour of South Vietnam: "I kept thinking maybe we could help that country if we didn't burn it down first. Maybe we could let them farm their land without fear of the Vietcong coming along and killing their prominent citizens. Maybe we could teach them to defend themselves. But is the end worth a generation of Vietnamese?" JOHN DEEDY

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CORRESPONDENCE

Music and Liturgy

New York

To the Editors: Sometimes, one good blast deserves another. That is the case with Ralph Thibodeau's remarks on music in liturgy ["Threnody for Sacred Music, 1968," Dec. 13]. For a long time, as changes in the liturgy went along lickety-split, pastors waited for the musical "experts" to give them at least a clue about what to do with the singing. More importantly, they waited to see if there would be some serious effort to promote a renascence in music for liturgy in our time. Alas, all that was forthcoming was the insistence that approval was required for any music that would be used in liturgy. Since then, as so often happens, those who have been most derelict in their leadership have raised a great chorus of complaints when others have reluctantly taken the leadership into their own hands.

As I read Thibodeau's article, I could only agree with his expression of disappointment about the state of music and expected that we were finally to have some good suggestions about what to do before we were finished. Instead, apart from noting the necessity of professional organists and directors, we are still left to shift for ourselves. As it stands, then, thank God for the amateurs who have gone ahead to attempt some contemporary forms of music for worship. PHILIP J. MURNION

Berkeley

To the Editors: I have on another occasion responded to what now has become Mr. Ralph Thibodeau's annual critique of American Catholic Church music for *Commonweal*. Mr. Thibodeau is still pessimistic. I find that with the passage of time I incline more and more to Mr. Thibodeau's attitude of despondency. He does so as a musician, I, as a liturgist.

But I cannot agree that the fault lies with the "witch-doctor" liturgists Mr. Thibodeau would like to expel from the

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GREAT POWER RESPONSIBILITIES

Once again time is running out in the Middle East. Now, barely a year and a half since the Six Day war, passions have inflamed differences to the flash point, while the parties themselves, and those who have professed interest in a political settlement, continue to go their separate ways. All the prospects are dim. Israel for its part has apparently decided on retaining its policy of retaliation as a means of deterring the Arab commandos. The Arabs are now even less deterred by the prospect of Israeli retributive attacks, having decided that their populations are less interested in a peaceful settlement than they are in affiliating themselves with the cause of the Palestinians. The Great Powers are again at the fretting stage; the UN has been shown again to be a negligible factor, Gunnar Jarring's noble efforts notwithstanding. Clearly another war looms, one in which the Israelis, thanks to their continuing military superiority, would be the likely victors; but conceivably it could draw the great powers into a confrontation that could eventuate in nuclear war.

The scenario is not difficult to imagine: The Arabs, conscious of the reasons for their last defeat, launch a surprise attack on Israel. The chances are that Israel could recover well enough to recapture the initiative. However, in the case of a protracted war, say one that lasted weeks instead of days, the Russian fleet and the 3,000 military advisors now stationed in Egypt could become the excuse for USSR intervention. This could tip the balance in favor of the combined Arab armies to the point where the survival of Israel would be problematic, a situation long feared by the Israelis, who have come to believe quite justifiably that the Arabs would liquidate them if only they could. Once the matter got to this stage, there may be irresistible pressure on the U.S. to deploy the Sixth Fleet on Israel's behalf—a deployment that could pit the great powers against each other directly. It is for this reason, perhaps, that the USSR has been putting forward its proposals

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for a great power conference that would impose, if necessary, a political settlement based on the UN declaration of 1967 on the Arabs and Israelis alike. Aside from the fact that the Russians want to forestall such a confrontation, other reasons abound: apart from the purely strategic—and this should not be minimized in light of the Soviet naval build-up around the world—they perceive that their interest is to maintain Egypt's Nasser in power as well as avoid another war where an Arab loss could mean another severe embarrassment and unwelcome financial strain.

It is likewise in the interest of the U.S. to avoid another major clash in the area—if only for the all too obvious reasons of oil and the recovery of depleted prestige. However, the promotion of a peace conference would run the double option of overt cooperation with the USSR, something against which American planners have militantly fought and offense to the large and powerful domestic Jewish constituency which has been pressing not for the promotion of a settlement but for increased U.S. assistance to Israel.

So, in Lenin's immortal words, what is to be done? Israel's retaliative policy seems to strengthen the terrorists with each successive raid, the one on the Lebanese airport not excluded. Yet a policy of "moderation" might convince the Palestinians and Arab governments alike to press forward militarily. Furthermore, it is difficult now to assess whether and/or how the client governments of the area are still clients. The aura of 1967 surrounds events these days: Israel's communications are being threatened, tension is mounting precipitously, the commandos are forcing the hand of the Arab capitals, and no one is prescribing any ways of restraining the participants from all-out war.

Clearly the issue is going to be settled, if at all, by the immediate parties themselves, as Israel maintains. However, through the direct intervention of the Four Powers or a UN equivalent, precious time can be gained. The USSR has recommended that an international force be placed on the borders while the great powers attempt to bring their waning influence to bear. We think that this is, despite the obvious difficulties involved, the most promising course of action—and potentially the most humane. There is justice on both sides; there is room for compromise. Another war is intolerable.

NEXT WEEK

Albert B. Southwick looks at the Middle East and argues that "the Arabs have a far more powerful case than most American liberals care to admit." He writes:

"It was in a refugee camp—actually the camp at Shuneh in Jordan—where I felt a sharp twinge of moral vertigo. Had we liberals given our hearts to Israel over the years for this?"

Responding to the Southwick thesis are Arthur A. Cohen, Paul Jacobs, Rabbi Marc Tanenbaum and Father Bruno Hussar, O.P.

CRISIS OF HOPE?

"We live in an era of hope," Pope Paul said in his Christmas message. "It is, however, a hope in the kingdom of this earth, a hope in human self-sufficiency. And it is precisely in our day that that hope is going through a most serious crisis." It was this note of gloom pervading the Pope's words that struck many observers about his annual message; the *N.Y. Times*, for example, headed its story, "Pope Voices Pessimism in Christmas Message." "Pope Paul VI . . . delivered a Christmas message of deep pessimism over the temporal prospects of man, urging a renewal of Christianity as 'the true and the highest hope' for salvation." Literature, the theater, art and philosophical thought bear witness to man's deficiency, his mental weakness, his hypocrisy, his domination by sensuality. All of these things testify to man's need for salvation, and the name of Jesus Christ is the proclamation of that salvation. "We have need of Christ," the Pope said. "It is necessary that we have divine power, because no other power can overcome our ills."

In the weeks that have since passed, the Pope's words have been gnawing unpleasantly at our thoughts. What is one to say when confronted with a message like this? In one very real sense, of course, we must humbly affirm its truth. We do need salvation; our best hope does lie in Jesus Christ—this is true enough. Yet the Christmas message leaves us with a sense of uneasiness nonetheless. How often have we who are Catholics not heard similar sentiments? How often has the theme not been sounded in editorial and pulpit, most recently in sermons on the World Day of Peace? "Without God nothing is possible." "A lasting peace can never be made without God's presence at the peace table." "How can the United Nations hope to succeed when it does not even begin its sessions with prayer?" Etc., etc. The list of pious platitudes could be extended, all designed to prove that "the world" without religion is doomed to failure and despair. In the long run no doubt this is so, but religious thinkers must admit that secular man has come up with many good things, without and sometimes even against the efforts of the Church. Take, for example, a central concern, human freedom. If the world had waited for the idea of freedom to develop spontaneously in the Papal States, we fear it would still be waiting. Perhaps the Jew should look to the Church, but until the Church-con-

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demned Enlightenment gave him his freedom, his lot in Christian Europe was a less than happy one. And while it may be true, as some argue, that democracy is the form of government intrinsically most compatible with the Gospel, democracy would have been a long time in coming if matters had been left in the hands of Church leaders. Churchmen, whatever their personal merits, have rarely distinguished themselves for their insights or practical wisdom.

The moral of all this? There are, we suppose, many, but one is obvious. Until the Church's reputation for disinterest, wisdom and objectivity is somewhat restored, churchmen might well observe a becoming modesty in lecturing the secular world, might well strive to eliminate the note of ecclesiastical triumphalism that so often creeps into documents like papal Christmas messages. Men need God, but the Church should never act as if He were its private property, especially at a time when men are seriously asking if the Church is not in danger of becoming the grave of God. Few would deny that the world today *is* in need of a message of hope—we certainly would not—but that message can come with good grace only from a penitent and humble Church, a Church deeply conscious of its own human limitations and its own sins of omission and commission. So, at least, it seems to us.

Moon Over Biafra: A Plea for Priorities

Two recent events remind one of Biafra. Christmas has just passed, our ears still echo with exhortations about "good will toward men," and millions of people are dying in the rebellious province of Nigeria, ignored by almost the entire world. In the same season our brave astronauts traveled to the moon and back. A truly noble feat—that cost billions of dollars and displayed a technical genius of almost unbelievable magnitude. We can spend all that money and bring all that brainpower to bear on space exploration. But we can't find the money or the method to feed the Biafrans (let alone the millions of hungry and destitute people in our own country).

These are easy, almost trite things to say. And yet no matter how often they are said, the priorities of this nation remain so distorted, even immoral, that the prayers of the astronauts in space, touching as they were, must be something of a mockery.

Biafra is by no means a simple political situation. Virtually every country supports the Federal government of Nigeria, albeit for its own reasons. Great Britain wants Biafran oil, the United States will not defy its staunch ally, Russia wants more influence in West Africa, the other African states are petrified by the prospect of tribal warfare and secession in their own countries. (France supports Biafra, in part because everyone else is on the other side.)

Yet the Nigerian civil war remains basically a war of extermination against the people of Biafra, the former Eastern Region of Nigeria, who are mainly Ibo. The Ibos have long been one of the most intelligent and progressive tribal groups in Africa. As the Biafrans' pitiful mission in New York points out, they have had many ties over the years with the United States: hundreds of Peace Corpsmen have worked in the Eastern Region, Michigan State University helped operate the University of Nigeria at Nsukka, more Biafrans have studied in the United States than any other African group. It was these achievements which spelled the Ibos' doom. They became such a threat to the ill-educated, largely Moslem, Hausas in the north that civil war erupted 18 months ago.

The Biafrans have somewhat paranoically refused all efforts at peacemaking, but they are convinced that if they lay down their arms they will be slaughtered, and the evidence of the past supports them. In some cases paranoia is justified.

The United States must be very wary of anything that smacks of armed intervention. We cannot forget so quickly the consequences of sending a few hundred "advisors" to Vietnam. If we cannot be the world's policeman in Asia we cannot be the gendarme in Africa, either. But we can use our good offices to urge the British—who seem to be moving slowly toward this goal already—to seek a negotiated peace that provides for the safety and integrity of the Biafrans. We have sat back far too long and said that the death of millions of people is not our concern.

The more immediate and pressing problem is saving the starving civilians of Biafra, no matter what the ultimate political solution. Here the American record has been dismal. Despite the State Department press leaks that we have already spent $1 million in aid, the fact remains that most of the American food is rotting in warehouses in Lagos because Washington insists on dealing with the Federal government and not directly with the Biafrans, whom we do not recognize.

The Biafrans will not accept food coming through Federal hands. They fear it is poisoned—a tactic that would certainly jibe with the Nigerians' overall strategy of decimation. Moreover, to carry food overland to the shrinking Biafran heartland would mean reconstructing bridges that would then be used by advancing troops. So while the refusal of Biafran leaders to accept such food might in fact mean death of many of their people, they have reason to fear that taking the food would eventually lead to their destruction anyway.

The only way now available for feeding the Biafrans is hazardous night flights. A group of religious organizations from the United States and other countries, and to a lesser extent, the Red Cross (which also feels a certain

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obligation to deal with the recognized government in Lagos), have done a magnificent job in getting some supplies in, but they lack the resources to begin to do an adequate job. The United States, very belatedly, has given the private agencies some extra cargo planes, but much more needs to be done.

I usually dislike people who say about a situation that "something must be done," without proposing a solution. But in this case I think such statements are justified. Outsiders do not know the intricate diplomatic intrigues and political obstacles that thwart more American help. But it is clear that the will to help has been lacking, and if the will is there, answers can be found. What is to stop us, for instance, from flying food directly to the Biafrans? I doubt if the Federal government would shoot at our planes. There might be other options. What is needed is a little of the ingenuity and finances we devoted to Apollo 8. The moon flight remains a hollow, almost an obscene triumph, while so many people are dying.

STEVEN V. ROBERTS

(Steven V. Roberts, a frequent contributor, is a reporter for the New York Times.*)*

Life in Zambia: On the Firing Line

President Kenneth Kaunda's ruling United National Independence Party in Zambia has just been returned with an unassailable majority in the country's first general election since it achieved independence in 1964. The paradox is that his own future, and that of his country as a whole, has seldom been as uncertain as it is today. This is because Zambia, more than any other African country, mirrors the tensions of the whole continent. Internally, the tensions are between the need for democracy and the need for control; externally, they are those which exist between the white and the black African. The Zambians experience them both in a particularly acute way.

It is a country with many advantages, not least its fantastic copper resources, which helped to account for a balance of payments surplus of some £80 million last year. For the past three years, however, these natural advantages have been whittled away by the effects of Rhodesian U.D.I. Expensive roads, railways and pipelines have had to be constructed years before they would otherwise have been necessary, and at immense capital cost: Britain, whose premier, Harold Wilson, assured Kaunda that he would be fully reimbursed for any expenditure involved in implementing the sanctions policy against Rhodesia, has been less than generous. The drain on Zambia's resources is now running at about £20 million a year, and not even the copper royalties can make good this deficit indefinitely.

Unlike most of the countries in the southern half of Africa, Zambia was developed from the South, and not from the coast. This accounts for its dependence on trade routes through unfriendly territory such as Rhodesia, South Africa, Angola and Mozambique. It also partly explains the insistence with which President Kaunda has called for a speedy solution of the Rhodesian problem by Britain. If such a solution is not forthcoming soon—and all the indications are that even a solution along the lines proposed on H.M.S. *Fearless* would not satisfy the Zambians—the sheer human mathematics of the situation will make a confrontation inevitable. Kaunda himself is a pacifist by nature, and has a hatred of violence which derives largely from his deeply Christian Presbyterian background: but he is forced to admit that, failing a satisfactory initiative by Britain, the only possible solution to the problem is that the guerrillas who cross the Zambezi from transit camps in Zambia (after training in Russia or China) should eventually overpower the white settlers still grimly holding on to power. It is a problem of which the South Africans are also keenly aware—and a situation which they are prepared to defend by any means. They have already, for instance, given military-type aid to the Rhodesians.

The internal situation, however, is what is attracting most attention at the moment, all the more so since the tragedy of Nigeria has focused attention on the problems that arise where tribalism gets mixed up with politics in modern Africa. Where Nigeria has some 50 million people to cope with, Zambia has only 4 million: it might be thought that the problem of tribalism would not arise in as acute a form. And yet the results of the election show that it is by no means a spent force, and that the future of the country's democratic institutions may still be in the balance.

By and large, the election went along traditional lines, in that UNIP polled heavily in its traditional strongholds in the Copperbelt and in the North, while the opposition African National Congress Party had its successes in the South. This was, perhaps, to be expected: certainly nobody expected these patterns of voting, which are largely based on tribal allegiances, to disappear overnight. The most revealing results, however, came from the Barotseland area, where no less than eight government ministers were defeated by ANC candidates, despite the fact that they were standing for re-election among their own people, the Lozi tribe.

This is what President Kaunda feared before the election. It can be traced back, basically, to the banning of the United Party which, although it attracted some support from rather unsavory elements in Zambia's political life, and spawned violence in the Copperbelt, had also become the focus for a sense of discontent among the Lozis who felt that their slightly unique status in

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Zambia (their separate monarchy was given special privileges by the British right up to independence) was being taken away from them. The party had also attracted support from people whose dissatisfaction with the regime was at least as intellectual as it was tribal in origin. These were not people who would normally have voted ANC; but the banning of the UP left them with no alternative.

President Kaunda is now faced with the problem of articulating a framework within which dissent has its rightful place, but which is strong enough and united enough to resist the powerful pressures brought to bear on it, especially from outside. It could well be an impossiable task, and yet there are few people better equipped to undertake it than he is. His sense of justice is legendary —during the election campaign he at one stage lent his own plane to take ANC candidates to remote constituencies—and he is doing his best to create a situation in which differences, tribal and otherwise, will be discussed publicly and frankly. For him, this is the only alternative to chaos, and he is prepared to stake his entire future on making it a success.

A great deal will depend, in political terms, on the President's success in balancing his Cabinet, tribally speaking. In social and economic terms, the priorities include the need to continue the Zambianisation of the public service (in the knowledge that a certain price will be paid for this in terms of efficiency) and to avoid the already obvious danger of a society divided increasingly along class lines. The West may view with suspicion the high degree of centralization and the apparently drastic curtailment of normal democratic procedures and structures which this will entail, but sympathy, and an attempt to understand would be more appropriate responses.

JOHN HORGAN

(John Horgan, of the Irish Times, *returned from Zambia shortly before the recent election.)*

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COALITION IN ITALY

CRISIS WITHIN A CRISIS

Rome

There's a saying, a throw-away apology, often offered with a smile to foreigners bewildered by one or another of the mystifying aspects of Italian life: *"Italia non e un paese serioso,"* they say, and in normal times one tends to believe it because Italy and the Italians rank high on the sliding scale of pleasant human possibilities. But these are not normal times on the peninsula.

The present crisis began with a 24-hour nationwide workers' strike Nov. 13 and picked up steam with a similar government workers' walkout on the 19th. The 19th was also the day the temporary, minority Christian Democratic government of Giovanni Leone resigned, plunging Italy into the black abyss of the ungoverned—which is to say normality—for Leone resigned precisely because he could not govern. He came to power six months earlier in May because the center-left coalition regime, made up of the Christian Democratic Party (CD), The Socialist Party (SP), and the Republican Party (RP), had not been able to govern either.

Between Leone's resignation and Dec. 2 student demonstrations spread and quickened throughout the country. One day was for young Alexandros Panaghoulis, who was convicted for the attempted murder of Greek Premier George Papadopoulos; another for university reform; and another for political revolution—not because Leone had resigned—but because revolution is in the student scheme of things. Even high school students were taking to the streets and someone was blowing holes in high school walls in Rome and several southern cities.

What widened the crisis and made it the dreadful reality it is now was an event on a Sicilian back road. Farm workers on strike for 11 days for better pay and conditions had set up a road block. Riot police rushed to the scene, were greeted by a barrage of rocks, and started shooting. Two men died and 15 others were injured, one of whom is said to be still alive with 14 bullet holes in him. Suddenly the complexion of discontent changed. People were out on the streets remembering and talking about 1960 when the cops had shot and killed 11 workers during a demonstration. Schools closed, universities were occupied, more bombings were reported, and demonstrations were held in almost every community.

The workers see the matter this way: while Italy gets richer and richer, they remain poor; while production increases at the high annual rate of five percent or more, 658,000 or 3.3 percent of the work force is unemployed, and the number grows.

The national minimum wage is 70,000 lire ($112) per month. These days people tend not to believe Fiat when Fiat says it cannot afford a wage increase and the next day ships another pre-fab auto factory to far off godknowswhere.

The pension rate directly affecting Italy's 20 million active and eight million retired workers is 18,000 lire ($28.80) a month. During the Dec. 13th strike they asked for 25,000 lire ($40.80) a month, an increase of almost 40 percent! But that adds up to approximately 40 percent of nothing in a country where the cheapest cheese costs $1 a pound, where a pound of chewable beef costs at least $1.80, where pork at more than $2 a pound is a major event.

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So they tend to be irritable when the finance minister shudders over inflation, says the government can't afford higher pensions, and in the next breath announces that Italy sold abroad $659 million more than it bought in the first nine months of the year, that Italy, with $5.6 billions worth, is third only to the U.S. and Germany in gold and foreign currency holdings! And there are other little items like the more than 20 percent differential between northern and southern wages (the Sicilian farm workers don't get the minimum wage), the disproportionately rising cost of living (Italian workers have never received a cost of living increase), and the appalling lack of help for the poor.

The poor. The Vatican, which is somewhat richer than the French government was *before* May, does more for the poor than the government does. But ask any poor man: it's not a comment on the largesse of the Church, for the combined total of what government and Church give to the poor would not, if trebled, be enough to care for the destitute of Rome alone.

The facts and figures, easy to compare, have one message for the Italian workers: the wrong guy is cutting that big pizza pie in the sky.

A hundred years ago Italy had 20 universities; now it has 32 to accommodate 10 times the number of students. There is a depressingly overcrowded classroom situation and an abominable one to fifty teacher-student ratio. The system and many of the professors are guided by medieval theory. In the classroom the teacher is a demi-God, who is there more to exorcise student devils than to be a conduit of ideas and facts that might help equip his audience for the hurly-burly on the outside. These are simple problems which could basically be solved by the imaginative application of money.

But in the past five years, the Italian students have also become politicized, and for good reason. Italy's fabulous post-war prosperity has run smack into an essentially pre-capitalistic educational system. Jobs go to the people with connections. A newly graduated electrical engineer is counted among the unthinkably lucky if he lands a $50-a-week post. Thus the students—who are 80 percent middle class—know what it's like to be without a job, to be literally on the street with no place to go. The gap between the young educated and the struggling worker has become little more than a matter of words and both are beginning to realize it. That is why the huge demonstration in Rome was possible. That is why students eligible to vote, vote for the Communist Party, which they despise for operating within the system. The Communist Party is now, in fact, the workers' party of Italy, having inherited the position from the Socialists when they went into coalition with the Christian Democrats more than five years ago. The students need the workers to accomplish their declared task: destruction of the system.

The May revolution in France, that great howling disaster of a Revolution, has taught the Italian students a great deal about student-worker unity. Conditions in the two countries are quite similar. As long as the French students had the support of the workers, and vice-versa, everything was possible. When the workers divorced themselves, the end came quickly. Such is the predicament of Mariano Rumor, Prime Minister and Secretary of the Christian Democratic Party.

During the demonstrations, bombings, strikes, killings, Rumor negotiated to form another coalition and made periodic statements like: "There is a grave student problem," "I have proposed measures to accelerate economic activity," "The gap between north and south must be reduced." Great. Such insights and half-promises were old when Mussolini was chewing his way to the top. Rumor also said he is backing a measure to increase the pensions to 25,000 lire by 1970. Half his party is opposed to it and the Parliament can't act on it until mid-January following Christmas recess.

Rumor finally announced late on Dec. 8 that he had succeeded in fashioning a new 23-man coalition cabinet, unbelievably out of the same old cloth, with only a few new styling twists. The new cabinet—carrying the name center-left—a name distinguished by five years of abject failure—must deal with a Parliament more hostile than ever to reform.

The Christian Democratic Party—the most powerful party and the one with the most responsibility—is rife with reactionary elements and is bound to the Church by more than theology. Any CD candidate with aspirations for success must have the support of local parish priests who preach politics during election time. To keep his job, a priest must please his bishop. The bishop, in turn, must please the Vatican, for heads roll when the Vatican is thwarted.

Further, the Vatican has a standing threat to begin a new Catholic party if the CD ever fails to reflect Church thinking. The past two governments, for instance, have been quite formally and publicly *invited* to stifle any efforts to reform Italy's Fascist-originated birth control laws. The CD leaders and MPs quite dutifully and effectively complied despite considerable public clamor for change.

The Socialist Party is badly split and voted by only a narrow margin to join the coalition. The Communist Party with 25 percent of the Chamber seats has vowed to fight tooth and nail against another sterile center-left marriage. The four other parties align this way: Socialist Party For Proletarian Unity, far left with the Communists, five percent of the Chamber; Republican Party, liberal, 1.4 percent; Liberal Party, conservative, five percent; Italian Social Movement, heirs to Fascism, five percent.

Prospects for relevent government in Italy are grim.

LEONARD J. BERRY

(Leonard J. Berry, a roving free-lancer in Europe, is an occasional contributor to these pages.)

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CULTURE AND COUNTER-CULTURE

Alienated youth's risky challenge to the Enlightenment

MYRON B. BLOY, JR.

"Alienation" has become an intellectual bag of worms. But, of course, this is the case with any really potent and fundamental characterization of a human condition: although such a condition is easily recognized by its gross symptoms, its internal reality refuses to stay still long enough for neat categorizing. Just when the eager analyst thinks he has a piece of it he finds himself ineluctably drawn into the whole dynamic reality.

If Marx did not coin the term, he certainly gave it its first wide usage as a symptom of a whole political and economic system rather than as a character aberration of random individuals. Another classic employment of the word has to do with the artist whose sensibility is "alienated" from that of the prevailing culture. In romantic philosophies of art esthetic alienation from the prevailing mode is seen as a necessary condition for artistic creation. A third description refers to the moral indignation of the prophet who finds himself revulsed by the moral climate of his time. One thinks here not only of the biblical prophets, but also of literary figures like Jonathan Swift and Daniel Defoe and of contemporary moralists like W. H. Ferry and Michael Harrington. The most usual contemporary usage of alienation, however, centers on its psychological meanings.

Although each of these uses of alienation offers valuable insight into certain aspects of the human condition, no one of them seems fully adequate to describe and explain the growing community of alienation on college and university campuses. In fact, analyses which rely exclusively on one or another of these uses of alienation are not only partial but misleading. Certainly these students are alienated from their intellectual work, from the sensibility of the tradition, from the moral climate of the time, and from their parents and themselves, but not as random individuals isolated by one or another personal aberration; they are, in fact, participants in a "counter-culture" which is challenging fundamentally the Western cultural tradition. The traditional ways of discussing alienation are simply not commensurate with this larger, more complex phenomenon.

In order to understand this culture of alienation we have to liberate the term "alienation" from the client-centered and negative connotations which seem to dominate. We are beginning to do this. For example, just a few years ago we used to conceive the poor and black of this country as a class which, because of some character deficiency, had alienated itself from the economic system; we tried to devise ways of uplift which would lead them out of their presumed self-alienation. Now we are beginning to see that the system itself is alienating and demands, at least, some radical overhauling. Consider the particularly hip psychiatrist who, when asked what he thought the best therapy was for students who had been severely alienated by the war, replied, "Stop the damn war!" To grasp the meaning of alienation we must see not only the *alienated* as objects of therapy but also the *alienator*, the agency or system which may well be in deeper need of therapy and the more appropriate object of such. In short, the currently dominant client-centered psychology needs to be enlarged by Marx's dialectical, systemic version.

We must also expect to see the process of alienation as a possible force for creative change and not just as an illness to be healed. This fact is again not clearly appreciated by the psychological disciplines. In an essay en-

REVEREND MYRON B. BLOY, JR., *is Executive Director of The Church Society for College Work in Massachusetts.*

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titled "Alienation in American Youth" from *Young Radicals* psychiatrist Kenneth Keniston speaks of this flaw: "Let me underline the inadequacies of any purely psychological account of alienation . . . A psychological account of any complex ideological and intellectual viewpoint invariably tends to be seen as a 'reductive' account. It may suggest that alienation is 'nothing but' a reflection of an unfortunately family constellation or a particular psychodynamic pattern. Such an inference is very alien to my own thinking. On the contrary, the childhood events and fantasies I have discussed here could equally well be viewed as the fortunate and enabling factors that permitted these students to be aware of the very real deficiencies in their society (p. 339)." This is not to say, of course, that alienation is not disruptive and often destructive of its host society, but here we must keep in mind Whitehead's remark to the effect that every great cultural advance has all but wrecked the society in which it took place. Alienation may be a painful healing process as well as a form of pathology.

The New Generation

To see the difference between pathological alienation, pure and simple, and potentially creative alienation one needs only to compare the college generation of the '50s to the present one. Certainly the generation of the '50s—passive, privatized, powerless—was alienated; college was then, to use Erik Erikson's term, a four-year psychosocial moratorium for the young. But these students never raised serious alternatives to the adult culture; their period of alienation was, in fact, simply a reflection of their readiness to establish their own personal career trajectories in the existent culture. The alienation of the present generation of youth, on the other hand, is not culturally passive. This judgment is confirmed by Theodore Roszak, who wrote in *The Nation* last year (March 25, 1968): "that cultural innovation in America is becoming more and more the captive of youth who are profoundly alienated from the adult society. For better or worse, most of what is happening that is new, provocative and engaging in the arts, in politics, in education, in social relations (love, courtship, family), in journalism, in fashions and entertainment, is very largely the creation either of the discontented young or of those who address themselves primarily to the young. It is at the level of youth that many of our best minds—as well as our worst—look to find a responsive hearing as, more and more, it becomes the common expectation that the young should be those who act, who make things happen, who take the risks. Until, at last the adults of the society begin to settle back into the role of amused or disgruntled but mainly passive observers."

The best way to get an overall picture of the counter culture is through historical analogy; the event fixed on for this purpose by a number of commentators is the role of the early Christians in the Roman Empire. Daniel Moynihan, for example, basing his argument on Anthony Froude's "Origen and Celsus," observed in *The American Scholar* (Autumn 1967): "Who are these outrageous young people? I suggest to you they are Christians arrived on the scene of Second Century Rome . . . It was a tolerant world that knew too much about itself to expect words and deeds invariably to conform. 'Into the midst of this strange scene of imposture, profligacy, enthusiasm and craving for light,' Froude continues, 'Christianity emerged out of Palestine with its message of lofty humility.' Who were these Christians? They were first of all outrageous. They were 'bad citizens, refusing public employment and avoiding service in the army; and while . . . . they claimed toleration for their own creed, they had no toleration for others; every god but their own they openly called a devil. . . .' They had no temples, no altars, no images, and boasted just that. 'Fathers and tutors, they say, are mad or blind, unable to understand or do any good thing, given over to vain imaginations. The weavers and cobblers only are wise, they have the secret of life, they only can show the way to peace and happiness.' Of learning they had little and cared less. Nor had they any great interest in respectable people who observed the rules of society and tried to keep it running; they cared only for the outcast and miserable. To be a sinner, they seemed to say, was the one sure way to be saved. They were altogether of a seditious and revolutionary character . . . Can there be any mistaking that the New Left speaks to the rational, tolerant, reasonable society of the present with the same irrationality, intolerance, and unreasonableness, but possibly also the same truth with which the absurd Christians spoke to Imperial Rome?"

In his summary description of the counter-culture of the young, Roszak also made clear that the analogy with second century Christians is not merely formal: "A heroic generalization about this still embryonic culture is to say that what the young are up to is nothing less than a reorganization of the prevailing state of personal and social consciousness. From a culture that has a long-standing entrenched commitment to an egocentric and intellective mode of consciousness, the young are moving toward a sense of identity that is communal and nonintellective. I think the disjuncture is just that great—as great in its implications (though obviously not as yet in historical influence) as the disjuncture between Greco-Roman rationality and Christian mystery. Against the traditional Cartesian *cogito*, with its blunt, initial assertion of individuality and logicality, the counter culture opposes the community and visionary aspiration. This really amounts to an assault on the reality of the ego as an isolable and purely cerebral unity of identity" (*ibid.*).

Although it would be quite possible to round out this summary picture of the counter-culture with a richness of concrete detail, I must be content here simply to chal-

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lenge three popular misconceptions which inhibit a full grasp of its significance. First, it is often argued that since hard core hippies and SDSers make up such a small percentage of the total student population, we are wrong to take them so seriously. It can be argued, however, that the counter-culture is far more potent than the small numbers of its hard-core adherents would indicate: it is an aggressive force in a sea of social and cultural passivity. (Only two percent of the population was involved in the French Revolution.) Also, many adults who are only somewhat less alienated from the traditional culture have nevertheless been subtly and deeply influenced by the alternative culture. Our satisfaction with electoral politics and "uptight" life styles is also something less than total. Furthermore, it is now apparent that the counter-culture has emerged in much the same shape in every nation in the Western tradition. For example, at the World Council's Church and Society meeting in 1966, the youth delegates from every nation generally had more in common with each other, in cultural style as well as ideological orientation, than with the adult members of their own national delegations.

A second misconception which is common to many analyses of dissenting youth is to make a sharp distinction between "good" political activists who are optimistic, engaged, and part of an old American tradition, and the "bad"—culturally alienated hippies characterized as pessimistic, detached, capable only of a sickly anarchism. Kenneth Keniston has popularized this misconception, presumably having fallen victim to the very psychological reductionism which he warns against. I also suspect that Keniston and his sympathizers are expressing the liberal hope that the "best" youth dissenters are really reformist, rather than revolutionary, in their intent; but this is merely an *ad hominem* observation. The fact is, as Roszak has argued, that the primary thrust of both the New Left and the hippies is "a reorganization of the prevailing state of personal and social consciousness."

In fact one young leader of the New Left, Michael Rossman, sees in the drift of more and more politically activist youth into the hippie style, the deeper quest which Roszak describes. "What is becoming clearer," says Rossman in an *American Scholar* article "The Movement and Educational Reform (Autumn 1967)," "is that among America's young a change in life-style is evolving that runs much more deeply than the political skin that first rendered it visible . . . If we take politics to be in essence the language of men contending with a world of too little bread, then the Movement is indeed beyond politics, in a sense [however] that is not at all incompatible with its very real political identity. For the Movement is a collection of young intellectuals concerned with the quality of interpersonal relations, who work on a small-group level in unstructured temporary groups in which the dominant themes are existential involvement and effective (potent) freedom." (Rossman's statement reminds one of Ignazio Silone's *Bread and Wine*, in which the revolutionary hero, after first leaving the Church because it was unconcerned about the plight of the poor and then the Communist Party because it put doctrine before involvement with the poor, turns to the task—as critic Nathan Scott describes it—"of luring contemporary man back into the direction of the élan of life itself, which is love and friendship. This, Silone is saying, is the true business of the 'revolutionary' in our time; he must somehow overcome the alienation and estrangement that separate man from man." This practice of the human presence, says Silone, is the necessary foundation for any political activity.)

For those who know the SDS Port Huron statement, which is for all practical purposes the constitution of the Movement, Rossman's analysis will have a familiar ring. In short, the "politics" of the student activist is basically an effort to reorganize personal and social consciousness rather than to extend New Deal liberalism. Similarly, the effort of the hippie to effect this same reorganization is far more serious and engaged, albeit in cultural rather than political terms, than those of us whose assumptions of personal and social identity are linked to the Cartesian *cogito* and the Protestant Ethic. The radical character of the counter-culture is simply exposed more blatantly in the cultural activism of the hippies than in the "political skin" of the activist. This is not to say, of course, that distinctions between hippies and activists should not be made but only that to see these distinctions in ontological rather than strategic terms is to obscure the fundamental shape of the counter-culture which they share in creating.

Mainstream of Radicalism

A third misconception is that the counter-culture is characterized by the same militant secularism which has been a usual element in the mainstream of American radicalism. It is ironic that just as the religious institutions had developed a so-called "radical" intellectual accommodation to secularity, we should now be confronted with a counter-culture which is in fact, and not just by historical analogy, deeply religious. Again, Roszak's pungent description is helpful. In another *Nation* essay, "Politics of the Nervous System" (April 1, 1968), he comments: "The dissenting young have indeed got religion. It is not the brand of religion that Billy Graham or William Buckley would choose for youth's crusade, but nonetheless it is religion. What began with Zen has now rapidly, perhaps too rapidly, proliferated into a phantasmagoria of exotic religiosity." But I feel that because the most flamboyant signs of the new religious interest of youth are Eastern and pop-Eastern, Roszak tends to see the religion of the counter-culture too exclusively in antinomian and mystical terms. The "political skin" of the counter-culture's activists disguises another aspect of its religious quest which is more akin to that of the roving

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bands of prophets in early Biblical history who were concerned to discover and celebrate the "righteousness of the Lord," To put it oversimply, the youth of the counter culture, having broken with the individualistic, rationalistic, skeptical tradition of the last 300 years in favor of a communal, personalist, "committed" life-style, now instinctively and usually unconsciously, search for sacral foundations to sustain and celebrate their new identity. This quest for the sacred is, of course, another sign of how deeply alienated from the immediate cultural tradition the counter-culture actually is.

Given then, this all too sketchy picture of the counter-culture being created by our alienated youth, what does it augur for the future of our society? Clearly it is a risky development (although the continued drift of the traditional culture might, in fact, be even riskier), which could either bring our society into a more humane and expressive culture than we have ever known or subvert our present cultural institutions without having the strength or wisdom to develop viable alternatives. On the other hand, it is ominous indeed that the youth movement which Garrison found most closely resembles our own in its quest for the sacred is that of Germany in the '30s. This should not be surprising: the sacred can be either holy or demonic, and it is not always easy to distinguish the one from the other. On the other hand, the counter-culture has awakened in all of us a recognition of the sterility of much of the traditional culture and hope for a more fulfilling and humane cultural style. Suddenly many of us are discovering that we too are, to a greater or lesser degree, alienated from the rationalistic, skeptical, constrained, and individualistic life-style to which our culture seems to have condemned us. Our hope is, and it is the reason for much of our intense interest in the youth movement, that the counter-culture might just develop the vigor and poise necessary to humanize our major cultural institutions.

Turning now to higher education, if Roszak is correct in arguing that "against the traditional Cartesian *cogito*, with its blunt, initial assertion of individualist and logicality, the counter-culture opposes community and visionary aspiration," then we should expect the counter-culture to be in conflict with higher education—that cultural shrine of the Enlightenment. There is, of course, conflict aplenty, and it is not simply a conflict over institutional power which a little political reorganization will solve (although the students sometimes seem to be saying this), but a much deeper conflict of opposing cultural assumptions which takes a great effort of imagination even to grasp. The traditional intellectual style of higher education is analytical and morally detached; it assumes that "truth" is enormously complex but ultimately inert and that, therefore, an increasingly microscopic and fragmentary rationality is needed to unravel it and that only a strict posture of moral detachment will avoid compromising its essential inertness. The counter culture, however, is evolving an integrative and morally committed intellectual style; its members assume that "truth" is finally unitive (albeit mysterious) and alive, and that, therefore, successively larger, more inclusive perceptions of reality must be discovered and that only moral engagement is responsive to its essential sentience. The clash of cultures here is portentous: the Enlightenment may ultimately prevail and make the counter-culture look in retrospect like nothing more than a momentary romantic madness; however the counter-culture may prevail, entirely subverting the tradition of careful analysis and dispassionate discipline; or, through a courageous and sustained effort of imagination, a new style of education which is at once analytical and integrative, detached and committed, will be invented. The invention of this new style of education should be *the* most pressing task of higher education.

Finally, what is the role of the Church in relation to the counter-culture? Ideally the Church should help to bring to self-consciousness and creative focus the religious quest which is such an important part of the counter culture. But in recent years, especially under the influence of Bonhoeffer's interpreters, the Church has tried to shrug off this symbolic function. The implicit strategy has been to replace an embarrassing religious identity with a psychological or political one. Now we can begin to see (and no one is more surprised than I am) that Bonhoeffer was wrong, that *homo religiosus* is, in fact, one of the abiding definitions of man. Our "radical" theologians assured us that an ever-deepening and self-sustaining secularism was the inevitable course of the future and we scurried to adapt to this emerging scene. But now we discover (what Becker predicted in 1957) that as our ruling values have become ordinary, desacralized, and relativized, man has again undertaken the quest for the sacred. The scene has shifted under our feet! Warning college chaplains of this changing scene in a *New Republic* article, "Student Chaplains" (Jan. 7, 1967), Paul Goodman might have been addressing the whole church: "Chaplains who say that the students are interested in action but not in religion should ponder the implications of the student word 'commitment.' In my opinion, the chaplains are themselves bewildered, and the more 'liberal' and 'modern' they have been by disposition and training, the more odd the theological scenery looks. For the 'liberal' trends have not only failed to prevent but have furthered the catastrophic crisis of dehumanization."

It is clear that if the Church cannot help the counter-culture to celebrate existence in the symbols of its tradition—in symbols which are, I would affirm, commensurate with the mystery and complexity of existence even though their power is now problematic—then we may be committing the young by default to a symbolic resolution of their quest, which is not only personally less satisfying but also, as history has shown, culturally demonic.

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From bad to worse in the Dominican Republic

YES, WE HAVE NO BANANAS

RUTH SHEREFF

Almost four years have passed since the April, 1965, Dominican Revolution and the American intervention, about two-and-one-half since President Joaquin Balaguer took office, July, 1966. Life appears the same as during the last ten years. But now that AID technicians have settled into every government office, and the national budget is funded by Washington, reporters reason there must be hope for the future.

But, if it is conceivable, the Dominican economy is deteriorating. The peso is on the brink of being devalued. "Only a miracle can save this country," President Balaguer announced in October. "We will all have to tighten our belts;" next year will be worse.

People voted for Balaguer in 1966 because they knew the United States and military were opposed to his opponent, ex-President Juan Bosch, who was overthrown in 1963. They believed that with American aid something could be done. But the results were unexpected.

Under the austerity plan recommended by AID and the International Monetary Fund, thousands of superfluous workers were dismissed from state enterprises; those that remained had their working hours reduced. For the first time since Trujillo ran the sugar mills with military labor, the state sugar investment is earning money, almost two million dollars last year. But the resulting unemployment has taken money out of circulation. (Unemployment is probably well over 50 percent of the labor force.) Markets are full of produce, but no one can afford to buy. Restaurants are empty at lunch and dinner hour. Storekeepers look at a five peso bill as if it came from the moon, while deformed beggars, as always, line the streets.

The drought which is ruining Cuban and Puerto Rican agriculture has hit the Dominican Republic as well. Combined with the drought, the lack of government aid in the countryside starves peasants off their land into the urban slums. On agrarian reform projects, peasants receive little credit and technical help. Neither are they given title to the few distributed state lands. Thus there is no incentive for work and property improvement, even if the peasant has the means to cultivate without financial aid. By withholding titles, the opposition says, the government can keep peasants efficiently under their thumb.

Government and AID money, as in Trujillo's time, is slated for construction projects like highways and post offices rather than for basic production. For $3,000,000 Avenida Winston Churchill, a six-lane, brilliantly-lit highway, was built in the capital between two roads going nowhere. Meanwhile, the outlying areas of Santo Domingo suffer from the shortage of electric power, as do all the cities in the interior, where 2-5 hours are spent by lantern light each night, without electricity in the water pumps or refrigerators.

A dam in the Cibao region, the Presa de Taveras, is ready to be built and the Interamerican Development Bank has extended a loan. Theoretically it will solve many of the country's electricity and irrigation problems. But a company, which everyone assumes must be American, bidding low enough to construct the dam, has not yet appeared. So the peasants have been called upon to contribute money through dances and rallies to cover the ever-rising costs of a project that has been promised them for the past 20 years.

Most U.S. aid slated for the countryside is channeled through American agricultural firms, which are involved in "showing what private enterprise can do to solve underdevelopment."

When Balaguer assumed power in 1966 the United Fruit offered to sell its $20 million lands back to the state for $750,000. Instead of taking the land for agrarian reform, as the President later admitted he should have done, or selling it to local investors, the land was transferred at that price to the American firm Nebraska Mills for the cultivation of fruits and vegetables.

With an AID loan, which the state must now repay since Nebraska went bankrupt, the company began growing millet and started a chicken feed monopoly by getting the government to restrict the importation of that grain. In addition to cheating the local growers whose produce they were supposed to market in the States, they dismantled some of the old United Fruit aqueducts. This aggravated the drought in the area; hundreds of cattle belonging to local peasants died.

After going bankrupt, they sold the land at a profit to the Puerto Rican firm Aguirre, which then asked the Dominican government for $1.4 million from the AID development fund loan, which AID would have ap-

RUTH SHEREFF, *a frequent contributor to these pages, is a free-lance reporter working out of New York, who specializes in Latin American affairs.*

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proved. When the Dominicans who were bitter over the Nebraska case refused, they offered to raise the funds through agrarian reform by selling some of their land at a profit to the peasants. "The audacity of foreign investors," declared the daily *La Information*, "has no limit." But they had seen nothing yet.

Foreign "Enterprise"

In 1967, in a move praised by the *New York Times,* a consortium of five companies proposed that the Dominican government turn over the state lands and all peasants on them to private foreign enterprise. The five companies included Dow Chemical, Worthington, International Harvester, International Minerals and Chemical and Adela Corporations. Under the proposed contract they would tell the peasants what to plant, sell them all their seed, machinery and fertilizer (at prices fixed by the consortium), market the produce in the States, take 50 percent of the profit and give the rest to the state and the agricultural workers. Instead of investing their own money, they planned to receive a $15 million AID loan. After 15 years, the land would be turned over to the peasants.

If it is just a managing contract, the newspapers suggested, why don't they just receive the salaries due technicians instead of half the profits. And if they go bankrupt, they pointed out, the government would be saddled with more debt while the consortium would walk off with the profits from the sale of equipment.

"Since when," asked opposition Senator Jottin Cury, "should a poverty-stricken nation give aid to millionaire corporations?" The deal was killed when the head of the State Cooperative Institute and the Cooperative League of the United States denounced it as neo-feudal. The Cooperative League, which was itself thinking about building a fertilizer plant, carried their protest right to the White House, although the deal originally had the American embassy's support.

Now United Fruit is seeking a comeback; a Nicaraguan firm wants to take over the state cotton lands. The newspapers, opposition in Congress, and local businessmen are trying to undercut the deals. Despite an honest effort, Balaguer has been only half successful in giving prime contracts to Americans.

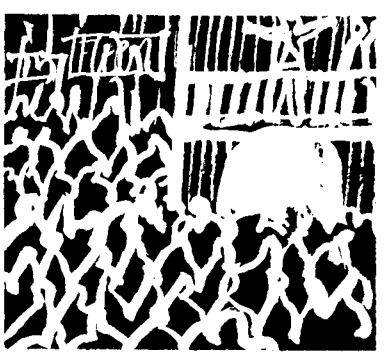
In October, the Dominican Chamber of Commerce denounced the government for favoring foreign over local interests. The Secretary of Finance denounced the Dominican businessmen as subversive. "The atmosphere for foreign enterprise," according to embassy sources, "is terrible—one of the worst in Latin America."

On the other hand, the investors looking into the Dominican Republic are often the worst from the United States. The mafia ranks second only to land speculators among interested parties. Joe Zicarelli tried to buy the Dominican Aviation Company; so *Life Magazine* revealed. A thriving business selling cars stolen from New York goes on in the capital. The infamous FBI/CIA informer Herbert Itkin went on assignment in the Dominican Republic to spy on local government officials and local businessmen. While there, his Dominican contacts told me, he busied himself looking for any fast deal he could find—none of which worked out.

According to many people I met, Americans are involved in what seems to be a thriving business selling resident visas to unemployed Dominicans, who pay up to $300 for the right to come and work in the United States. All I could find out was that the contacts for the sale of visas were Dominican military and government officials. Those who bought the visas were erroneously fearful that the Dominican immigration quota was dependent upon graft; I was begged to forget the matter.

The political situation is in worse disarray than the economic. Every night people wonder if there will be revolution or a *coup d'état* at dawn. Rumors circulate: the American ambassador will be assassinated. But nothing ever happens. On the surface, the nation is sinking into political stability. This means in a sugar republic that fear is increasing at a slow but constant rate.

Occasionally members of the opposition turn up dead and mutilated along the *malecon,* the beautiful palm and ice-cream-parlor-lined walk by the sea.



Not that bodies pile up in the streets. The real waves of terror came during the months before and after the election of Joaquin Balaguer, Trujillo's former aide. Besides, the main targets, the constitutionalist military leaders from the revolution, have gone into voluntary "exile" out of gun range. Usually now, rank-and-file members of the opposition are simply detained and jailed, Communist literature always turning up in their houses as evidence against them.

Police tactics are subtle thanks to AID training. Instead of cracking heads open, demonstrations are contained with tear gas and marching formations. Shipments of mace, I was told by the police, are due from the States.

The basic fears come from uncertainty—knowing that the amiable young "guardia" on the corner, fresh from the countryside, may someday stick a bayonet in your stomach; or, appreciating that if you need his help, you better be on the right side.

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I learned this the hard way when I was abducted and beaten by a heavy, later identified as a boxer connected with the dope trade. His two bodyguards assisted. "Now you know what it is like to be a Latin American," my friends said.

"Let me know who is responsible," President Balaguer screamed at journalists who questioned him about some violent deaths. A widow then named the captain who killed her husband. Action was never taken.

Not that Balaguer himself is responsible for what are popularly called "uncontrollable forces." His Secretary of the Interior, theoretical chief of police, is a surgeon. During an interview he had to ask his bodyguard how members of the force were trained and how many had studied in the United States. The police and military are in practice autonomous; if to anyone, they answer to the American embassy, which trains them and funds their operations.

No Civilian Control

The ruling Reformista Party has little structure and organization, therefore it offers no backbone for civilian control. Opposition parties are also too weak and demoralized to confront oppression. The unity left of center that followed the revolution seems gone.

The Reformista Party was thrown together in New York and Washington to support the election of Balaguer. Their main strength and only platform is patronage, the distribution of jobs and contracts with government-owned industries and offices; even the Olympic committee steals from the athletes' food rations.

Despite the abundant sources of graft, a party leader in Barhona was shot by a rival for a fat position. At first they tried to blame it on the left. Similar if less violent fights are splitting the Reformistas throughout the interior. Some people say they never existed anyway.

Fear that Balaguer will seek reelection is a growing concern among some members; this is the only real issue facing the party. Historically more than one term of government for a Dominican President has meant the beginning of a dictatorship. At a reception for the oligarchy in Santiago I was told, "There is no effective opposition; we were all compromised during the era of Trujillo. It can happen again."

By opposition, of course, the oligarchy means a strong conservative figure opposed to Balaguer, preferably someone who was not as closely affiliated with Trujillo. But it seems that the liberals as well are demoralized, compromised and splintered under the pressure created by their weakened position.

The major opposition is the Dominican Revolutionary Party (PRD), still run by Juan Bosch from voluntary exile in a Spanish beach resort. The *chofers,* the workers, the unemployed in the shantytowns continue to believe in Bosch; for seven months, till the military bounced him, he ran the only democratic progressive government they had known. But more of an intellectual than an activist, he busies himself issuing theoretical proclamations, for example, calling for "a dictatorship with popular support." He never mentions how the "dictatorship" should come to power, how the economy should be constructed, nor what it should do in the case of American intervention.

With perfect seriousness, the secretary general and caretaker of the party, Jose Francisco Peña Gomez assured the Dominican journalists that they will allowed limited freedom under the dictatorship. He has a large following among youth due to his role in the 1965 revolution.

Meanwhile, the middle-class PRD leaders indulge in the little corruption their powerless positions permit, robbing, for example, from the capital's city government which they controlled from August, 1966, to August, 1968. At the same time, the central government restricted the city's income to aggravate the problem: the water system deteriorated; garbage piled high in the streets. Finally the PRD withdrew its support from the city council; it was all the party could do, Peña Gomez explained.

Three thousand city employees were owed three months back-pay when the PRD finally left office. The Reformistas who took over the municipal government refused to recognize the city's debt and fired all the workers besides. Led by the PRD, the workers have occupied the churches in protest since the beginning of November and have threatened to take to the streets to reclaim their pay. This is the current major crisis. But after a while, all the crises seem the same. Under the Reformistas, the water is still undrinkable and the streets are filthier yet.

In some countries labor unions can manage to protect the citizens' rights. In the Dominican Republic they barely exist. Public meetings, even gatherings on street corners, have been forbidden since Balaguer's election, making organizing difficult. There is a wage freeze.

The leftist United Front Union, which once led the workers of the American-owned sugar mill in La Romana, winning them the highest salaries in the country, was busted last year and leaders had to flee the town.

The only union now which is independent from the American Embassy and able to fight for the workers is the Christian Socialist Confederation. But they suffer from a shortage of funds; labor "agitators" are usually fired from their factory jobs and cannot get other work. Thus their membership has declined by several thousands since Balaguer took power.

"Can't a union keep going after the leaders are kicked out of a factory?" I asked one of their leaders. "The labor movement just began after the death of Trujillo in 1961," I was told. "A man who even joins a union is a hero, let alone one who volunteers to lead." But the power of a labor union is limited anyway in a country where the majority are unemployed.

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Public Broadcasting returns to the numbers game

FREEDOM TO VIEW

DAVID WALKER

Buy! In applying vast ingenuity to that imperative, commercial television has so characterized the American broadcasting instrument that we find it difficult to plan an alternative system which, as the 90th Congress stipulated, "will constitute an expression of diversity and excellence."

The present concerns of those in public broadcasting run to whether the 91st Congress will buy a system with obvious political content, whether the public will consume enough non-commercial programming to pay for more, whether local stations will tolerate programs centrally-produced in the name of national economies of talent and money. In varying ways, all these concerns edge close to the central worry of commercial broadcasting: "cost per thousand viewers."

Without the support of really large audiences, reached with very limited present resources, public broadcasting sees only dimly the freedom to innovate and to be heard around which, two years ago, the Carnegie Commission on educational television asked us all to rally. Responding to those Carnegie recommendations, Congress did create a Corporation for Public Broadcasting to pilot development of a non-commercial, national service. However, no public money reached the CPB during its early months, when it was supported by handouts from commercial broadcasting, foundations and unions. Recently. CPB and the Department of Health, Education and Welfare ETV facilities funding program were given small appropriations by Congress. Together, these funds amount to less than 5 percent of the $270 million annually the Carnegie people thought public broadcasting would need.

With the appropriations given (which might well be contrasted with the situation in Japan where about 2 percent of the GNP finds its way to non-commercial networks) public broadcasting has certainly made a start. CPB has made arrangements with AT&T to join local stations into a live network two hours a day, five days a week, at preferential rates. After months based in Chairman Frank Pace Jr.'s International Executive Service Corps offices in New York, CPB has retained a small staff and has opened a Washington bureau. The Public Broadcasting Laboratory's introductory program this season has become the first critical *and* audience success that Ford-National Educational Television experiment has had.

What has not been possible is achievement of the freedoms the Carnegie Commission wanted "from the constraints, however necessary in their context, of commercial television. We seek for educational television freedom from the pressure of inadequate funds. We seek for the artist, the technician, the journalist, the scholar, and the public servant freedom to create, freedom to innovate . . . We seek for the citizen freedom to view."

Given the prevailing mood in the country, these objectives may be difficult to reach. A major outcome of media coverage of the Democratic Convention in Chicago seems the atavistic fear of politicians that their jobs as representatives of the people are being taken over by men who run the Seeing Eye. The reaction has been, in personal invective and official bluster, to label all broadcasting as irresponsible communication and to seek to design controls.

Responding to these sentiments, former FCC Commissioner Lee Loevinger proposed a Council on Fairness and Accuracy in Reporting to keep artists, journalists and scholars who broadcast in their place. However, one of the present FC Commissioners, Nicholas Johnson, told a group of educational broadcasters they *must* be controversial: "Your only excuse for receiving public funds is that you do programs that cannot be done by commercial broadcasters."

What such programs could be was recently described by the out-going Secretary of Health, Education and Welfare, Hon. Wilbur Cohen. He asked public broadcasters to bridge the gap between "the expert's scholarly report and the oversimplification of the news media," in working for the making of political alliances prepared to join an awareness of poverty, educational disenfranchisement and racism to the creation of remedial programs. This would put public broadcasting at the center of social and political change, a position hardly supported by the presently-known attitudes of the 91st Congress.

The more confident, astutely-managed segments of public broadcasting have been in the arena pictured by Cohen for some time. NET's *Journal* has sought out the migrant workers the commercial networks have forgotten; PBL has followed black cultural aspirations; Ford, Carnegie and federal money are behind a soon-to-be-seen Children's Television Workshop, whose New York-

DAVID WALKER *is editor of Yale Reports, which produces radio and TV programs for the University.*

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produced programs for NET will prepare disadvantaged pre-school children for the middle-class environments of most primary schools. In San Francisco and Detroit, public broadcasters shouldered the responsibility of all the media during protracted newspaper strikes, arranging the confrontations and tough interviews which politicians often consider trivial issues, but which are the stuff Tocqueville admired as the "chief democratic instrument of freedom."

How Brave?

Given the loose networking and professional confederations which link more than 400 non-commercial radio and television stations, it is not surprising to find disagreement among them on how brave public broadcasting may be. Southern stations routinely dropped PBL's attempts to deal with racial affairs. Some local boards met to cancel a truncated version of Felix Greene's report on life in North Vietnam. Some stations have refused contemporary dramas, where the dialogue captured the passions of the street. "Do not do anything which will tell a local licensee what he must broadcast," a station official recently told the Corporation for Public Broadcasting. "That leads to Constitutional conflicts; it is patently illegal." Not a few local non-commercial stations grumble about an "Eastern Seaboard Syndrome," which produces NE programs they believe are slanted to the left and lack the balance that should include "adequate representation of middle-ground conservatism."

This hostility is amplified at a time when station schedules are about to become less subject to local control as a result of the network service arranged by the Corporation for Public Broadcasting. In addition to financing this live interconnection, CPB has pondered content of the programs to be distributed. Unlike the Ford Foundation television people however, the CPB staff has only recently begun to travel to local stations in pursuit of production capability. Their thoughts on program content, introduced at a trade association meeting in Washington, reinforced in some minds the idea of a liberal, "Eastern" takeover of public broadcasting and confirmed to others the need for diplomatic leadership within the national elements of the endeavor.

Ripples of liberal and minority programming, from the East or elsewhere, *have* moved through some local schedules. From "Soul" in New York, to "Black Perspectives" in Los Angeles, programs of cultural expression, employment advice and political discussion have begun to show a concern for the black world and perhaps for the first time have brought some minority audiences to public broadcasting. However, apart from performers, black representation in the public broadcasting work force is embarrassingly low, about 4%. This seems about the same ratio as among employees of the national commercial media.

This meager black representation gives a rather surreal aspect to public broadcasting's attempts to provide what the commercial networks cannot. A kind of colonialism is at work where minorities not served by the commercial stations are being wooed by the liberal voices the minorities have come to distrust. At the same time, the programs thus devised tend to come from the uptown centers of liberal power, rather than from the inner cities or the South, where federal money in public television, taking the Carnegie recommendations for strong local stations, ought to do effective communicating in the national interest.

Another internal debate rages on the validity of strong educational and political programming. Perhaps best expressed by Curtis Davis, director of cultural programming for National Educational Television, to Jack Gould of the *New York Times,* this argument runs that "the heart of public television differs only in substance and not in form from that of commercial television." This leads to the conclusion that "the appeal of the home screen is to provide a literate escape from the troubles of the day." The function of public television is to assure that the escape route is through received cultural traditions, not the pop banalities of the commercial medium. It follows that if public television is but to refine the commercial dross, a common purpose—entertainment—is shared, and the funding of both commercial and public broadcasting may be similarly arranged. Indeed, that too has been a recent Gould proposal. For this more elevated programming approach, necessarily, commercials would be exposed, not in the body of the program, but in blocks around programs, as in European television schedules.

None of these proposals add up to the freedom public television's planners wanted. With commercial sponsorship, the problem of funding could be solved, but probably at the cost of a wave of self-censorship among broadcasters, a group not notable for sturdiness. Such auto-censorship typically has two forms, a concern for content satisfactory to the client, and a desire to set aside the best program times for sponsored programs. Block scheduling of commercials outside program periods might free producers from the first worry: no individual client would have to be pleased, only a group. However, the programs—or should we begin to call them shows?—whose way was paid by clients who might or might not renew their contracts, would almost certainly be placed in the broadcast schedule where the maximum number of viewers would see them, and the appended commercial message. These times of day are precisely those needed to program in the general interest.

In these restless attempts to promote public broadcasting, what most concerns planners is the politicians. There is some belief that the fervor with which politicians wrote public broadcasting into The Great Society has waned with that movement, a fear that in the next few months

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public broadcasting must prove itself in Washington or perish. If public broadcasting had at its command the sentiments of large audiences, the political uncertainties could be more easily met. A special presidential committee has recommended greater use of cable television in improving the ability of educational broadcasting to reach more specialized audiences. However, the existing structures of public broadcasting are the proof of things unseen, programs yet to be produced, audiences to be gathered together: as the Carnegie people put it, "in the acceptance of this proposal is involved a great act of faith." To its lasting credit, the 90th Congress *did* act on conviction, rather than audience figures.

Now, however, new questions arise in the allocation of national resources. The fashion is to involve the private sector, often with the digressive result suggested in the Davis and Gould proposal. The question which politicians will want to ask of public broadcasting is whether it *is* a general public good to be supported with federal money—the argument which sustains education. Even liberal Congressmen may have difficulty, after Chicago, in accepting genuinely free broadcasting as operating in their view of the public interest. Conservatives, considering the Davis-Gould arguments, may fail to find significant differences between commercial and public broadcasting, and may further consider that the enrichment of the national cultural life can be more efficiently arranged by direct subsidies to orchestras, ballet and theater companies, rather than to an electronic middleman.

In this manner, public broadcasting returns to the numbers game. Without audiences, it cannot have the base from which to project the local and national confidence to guarantee its very necessary freedoms before the public and Congress. Those audiences will not be attracted unless public programming shows what the commercial networks dare not. In cultural, educational and public affairs, such programming will attract close political scrutiny.

The organization which might have done much to interpret and promote public broadcasting among potential viewers and Congressman is, unhappily, displaying a weakness in its focusing strategies. The National Citizens Committee for Broadcasting (it was once The National Citizens Committee for Public Broadcasting) has begun to shoot headlines at the commercial networks. When its attention centered on the development of public broadcasting, the Committee promised to be effective in revealing what had to be done. Now, with its new interest, the Committee may only succeed in sublimating its passions for the public in outbursts against commercial trash. It does not seem to realize that as consumers we buy that trash, those Late, Late Shows, and are stuck with it as long as we want to brush our teeth or, indeed, eat. The job the Committee really needs to do is to show how taxpayer dollars, invested wisely in alternative, confident, public programming can help rebuild our society.

THE HOMOSEXUAL MOVIE

THE SCREEN

When movie-makers hit on a cycle, they like to ride it to death. I suppose we are in the midst of the homosexual cycle now, and our only hope is that it won't run as long as the fading spy cycle. All cycles depend, however, on box office, and it still remains to be seen if the 1968 homo films ("The Fox," "Therese and Isabelle," "Reflections in a Golden Eye," "Les Biches") rake in the dough. As far as I can recall, the first of the homosexual movies (unless one considers seriously Parker Tyler's observation in *The Hollywood Hallucination* about Mae West being a female impersonator in drag) was the 1932 "Mädchen in Uniform." But that German picture was safely on the arty side, and the subject continued to remain more or less tabu until recently. Homosexuality turned up, as incidents in main plots, during the past few years in items like "The Best Man," "Advise and Consent," "The Legend of Lylah Clare," "Rachel, Rachel," but the theme became the main plot in 1968, and the year's end saw the release of two more pictures primarily concerned with a subject whose box-office appeal still remains to be decided.

For my money, "The Sergeant" is the best of the homosexual movies; and I hope, if the cycle is to be continued (it *will* be continued; several are in the making now) the up-coming items will be done with the sensitivity and intelligence to be found in "The Sergeant." Exceedingly well directed by John Flynn, the film stresses characterization more than plot. The story is, in fact, rather thin. In a prologue, photographed in black and white, the sergeant is established as a courageous man leading a patrol during World War II, but when he strangles a young German soldier, he almost caresses his body afterward. Then in the present in 1952, and the photography is now in color, this Master Sergeant Callan is assigned to an U.S. Army Company in France. He is the tough, forceful, loud sergeant who looks down his nose at the incompetent C.O. and the messy, undisciplined camp. He whips the company into shape, and becomes thoroughly disliked by the men whom he in turn holds in contempt—except for one clean-cut, handsome, tall private who wins, without any effort on his part, the sergeant's attentions. The private, a very naive American lad, has been dating an attractive French girl who lives in town, a girl who returns his affections. And the rest of the story concerns the sergeant's efforts to win the boy from the girl, the girl's efforts to hold the boy, and the unsophisticated boy's wavering between the two until he finally realizes what the sergeant is after.

Dennis Murphy wrote the good screenplay from his own well-written 1958 novel, and on the whole he fol-

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lows his book rather carefully—perhaps too carefully. At times the film needs pushing along; and the viewer finds himself ahead of the story. But it is the characterizations that make the movie so fascinating; and the acting throughout is excellent. Good-looking John Phillip Law is perfectly cast as the uncomplicated, simple American lad—so well cast that it's hard to tell if he is acting at all as he becomes the sergeant's orderly-room clerk and then the sergeant's drinking buddy and finds himself neglecting that pretty French girl. Ludmila Mikael is indeed stunning as the girl who's brighter than the boy and is willing to fight the sergeant for him. The one bedroom scene between these two young people is somewhat out of character—and actually unnecessary to prove the boy's virility and the girl's true love. But if the picture belongs to anyone it is to Rod Steiger in the title role as the Master Sergeant—with emphasis on master, master over other people than himself. Steiger's performance in this role as a repressed homosexual who doesn't understand himself stands with his best as "The Pawnbroker," as the psychiatrist in "The Mark," and as the sheriff in "In the Heat of the Night." Perhaps it is because "The Sergeant" is somewhat ambiguous, in that neither Sergeant Callan nor the boy knows himself very well, that the film is so moving. In any case, it is a spellbinding character study told with honesty and forceful drama.

I wish I could say the same of "The Killing of Sister George," which starts well in telling the story of two lesbians who live together in London and seemingly love each other until the elder of the two is about to lose her job as a nurse in a British soap opera and at the same time loses her childish companion to a striking figure of a woman who also happens to be one of George's bosses at BBC. The first part of the movie, which was produced and directed by Robert Aldrich, follows Frank Marcus' play quite faithfully with its touches of humor and sorrow and decadence. It even adds a few scenes set at the broadcasting station that are lively, amusing, and full of theatrical cut-throat. But where the film goes wrong—and oh, so wrong—is in an added scene showing the BBC executive having sex with George's girl, Childie. I suppose Aldrich added this scene, which is not in the play, to get a little more sensationalism into the picture. But what he gets is repelling; and the viewer who may have been absorbed by the good performances of Beryl Reid, as George, Susannah York, as the mock-childish Childie, and Coral Browne as the bitchy executive loses all interest in the characters when the film sinks to becoming just another shocker. If it hadn't gone so haywire, "The Killing of Sister George" could have, like "The Sergeant" been a reminder of St. Paul's admonition: "Stop making judgments before the time when the Lord comes. He will bring to light what is hidden in darkness and will manifest the intentions of men's hearts." PHILIP T. HARTUNG

BOOKS

The intellectual origins of Staughton Lynd

Intellectual Origins of American Radicalism

STAUGHTON LYND

Pantheon, $4.95

LEONARD KRIEGEL

Staughton Lynd's *Intellectual Origins of American Radicalism* is a New Left polemic which insists on its right to be polemical. In his preface, Lynd admits to being "less interested in eighteenth-century radicalism than in twentieth-century radicalism," and he conceives of his task as historian with a certain messianic vehemence. Lynd obviously desired to frame a potential reinterpretation of American radical ideology, and he insists upon a fresh look at those Americans who embraced the radical tradition.

Lynd undoubtedly distorts history and overstates his case, but he has still managed to produce a necessary and, at times, purposeful critique of the way in which much of our past has been ignored or quickly passed over by historians writing from the vantage point of the Lockean property biases which still dominate the writing of history in America. Lynd's distortions are intended to counter their distortions and his sometimes simplistic idea of historical reality is certainly preferable to the kind of humanistic insensitivity which permitted Edmund Morgan, to choose an example at random, to dismiss Negro slavery at the time of the Revolution with a single line in *The Birth of the Republic*—a line which, in essence, tells us that slavery was unfortunate for all concerned. It is little wonder that Lynd sees his primary task as rescuing our revolutionary and anti-slavery heritage from the patent conservatism of most historians. Certainly, the emphasis on property rights in most writing about the Revolution has been excessive. If Lynd is writing from the point of view of one who wishes to remake America in a radical image, then the historians who have dominated our academic life for the past thirty years were entrenched behind an equally astringent bias. Property is a reality; it should not be a religion.

And yet, even if he sympathizes with what Lynd is trying to do, one wonders whether the task itself is necessary, whether, if contemporary radicalism is to possess the kind of vitality Lynd wishes for it, the radical can lay claim to any

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"tradition." Lynd's attempt to trace "an American intellectual tradition which began with a concept of freedom shared with Rousseau, and culminated in a critique of alienated labor and nationalism shared with Marx" seems decidedly remote from what we are up against now. And it forces Lynd into a vulnerable position. To speak about the "inalienable natural rights" and "individual conscience" which lie behind the religious origins of American radicalism with such unadulterated enthusiasm after the incredible brutalization of life in our century—much of it carried out by followers of somebody's "individual conscience"—seems disturbingly naive in a historian of Lynd's obvious sophistication. To believe that Rousseau was correct in his assumptions about human nature is one thing; to write as if Freud had never existed is another. Whose "conscience" and whose "will" are we to follow?

Lynd simply ignores the question of the extent to which the radical can commit himself to "the intuitive common sense of everyman." The common sense of one group of men may, after all, call for the repression, perhaps even the elimination, of another group of men. Lynd's faith in the "common sense of everyman" seems especially questionable at this moment in American history. His thesis is undoubtedly correct. We do possess a radical tradition here in America. But whether our radical tradition or any radical tradition, is still flexible enough to meet our needs remains to be seen. The fact is that traditional radical distinctions make less and less sense today. To define the followers of George Wallace as a *lumpenproletariat* does not make them any less pertinent to what we have to confront; and their "common sense" is just as "intuitive" as Staughton Lynd's.

Where *Intellectual Origins of American Radicalism* is most successful is in its demand that we recognize our radicals for what they were. Tom Paine and the radical abolitionists are as "American" as John Dickinson and Daniel Webster. Examine an American history textbook at random and the chances are that our revolutionaries will be ignored or dismissed as being outside of the American tradition. John Brown, for example, is usually depicted as a well-intentioned but dangerous maniac (when, in reality, he was neither a maniac nor well-intentioned but one of a handful of Americans who *believed* in the equality of all men and who acted in terms of that belief). Paine is usually dismissed as a propagandist (which he was, as were Jefferson, Dickinson, and Franklin). But for Lynd, such figures are the source of our pride, the usable "saints" in our national hierarchy.

Unfortunately, this is not enough. Lynd fails to provide us with a usable past; rather, he gives us Staughton Lynd's gallery of heroes. And the portraits are rather questionable. Is Du Bois really an important radical thinker? And is "the vision of a decentralized communal society" a real possibility for a radical today? Lynd is haunted, as, it seems to me, the New Left has increasingly become haunted, by the remnants of working-class rhetoric left over from the thirties. What else are we to make of the "internationalism of men who had not been to college and were still poor"? Like Lynd, I want "history to do something more than caution against complete commitment." But I am far more skeptical about the possibilities still open to us.

With all of its weaknesses, however, *Intellectual Origins of American Radicalism* is an important statement, a necessary step forward. If our past is not what Lynd desires it to be, it is also not what so many conservative historians have made of it. And the struggle for the future, for that "truly human culture" about which Trotsky was so eloquent, remains with us. If Lynd has not succeeded in righting the balance that the American radical has with his past, he has, at least, begun the task of staking a different kind of claim on that past. And for this we must be grateful.

Lilo's Diary

RICHARD M. ELMAN

Scribner's, $4.95

CHRISTOPHER KOCH

"I am wretched and spiteful and it is a bore, and yet it is also my sole delight. Being miserable, makes me happy." Thus Lilo describes herself, Dostoevskian, a twentieth-century underground woman. But unlike the original, Lilo does not face capitalism's burgeoning ethic as it forces itself upon an older order; she faces the image of its end.

Lilo is 21, beautiful and rich, of Jewish-Hungarian descent, "engaged in marriage to the son of her uncle by marriage." She is cold and precious to her fiancé, giving her body but not her love. He is timid and precious too, an artist of the smallest proportions who deals in illusions and deserves no more. Their parents were "cold and greedy takers;" her guardian and fiancé's father is "an abacus."

We do not like the characters in *Lilo's Diary*—they have little to recommend them, but we enter their world gladly because Elman's development of them seems so important. The scene is Hungary in 1944, and *Lilo's Diary* explores the utter failure of their middle-class presumptions to deal with their conditions.

This is Richard Elman's third novel

"IN THEIR ZEAL to dethrone revealed religion as base superstition and to substitute for it the goddess Reason, the philosophes *sometimes went to outrageous lengths, denouncing Jews with such vile slanders that they shocked the sensibilities of Christians of the time. Simultaneously they were building their own monument for posterity, to be remembered for their 'tolerance; (these most intolerant of men)."*

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(the second of a trilogy on the Yagodah-Gero clan), and it makes clear that he is not only a fine writer but one whose ideas must be reckoned with.

It is a philosophical novel that forces us to abstract, to compare and generalize at every phrase. And it succeeds brilliantly because Elman's own philosophical agony infuses both the particular and the abstract with the passionate and terrifying questions that genocide demands: "How?" and "Why?"

Elman's major theme is the impingement of reality on a consciousness trained to abide by self-contained illusions, trained to maintain at all costs the facade of business as usual. In her first entry Lilo writes of "the particularly awful fate one imagines to be in prospect for the bourgeois clan Yagodah-Gero," but the formal phrase removes the sensuous overtones that make that fate terrible. To Lilo the war is at first only "soldiers, soldiers, always soldiers," and the whores she is attracted to and fascinated by.

To her Uncle Newman, who represents the ethic most nakedly—his *modus vivendi* is complicity and compromise, and his fear of bolshevism (the reverse side of his wish to retain his fortune and position) renders him helpless—this war is simply "beginning to hurt the working man, this war . . ."

As the diary progresses, however, and their middle-class illusions crumble, Lilo's sense of the impending horror dominates her more and more. She recalls a friend taken in the first labor drafts and doubts that she is still alive. As her uncle buries his treasure and insists that Germany and America will form an alliance against the Bolsheviks, Lilo reads Communist leaflets. If she is never able to join the resistance, the brief visit of a distant cousin who has done so lingers with her as an unpleasant reminder of one viable alternative.

Lilo finally comes to understand the obvious: "The difference between Uncle Newman and our so-called enemies is not so great as some would have us believe . . . They are all dedicated opportunists."

But Elman does not rest with the obvious. He probes further Lilo's own responsibilities. There are, in a sense, no enemies in *Lilo's Diary,* only arrangements. Elman confronts the problem of morality (of good and evil) directly, by denying its relevance. Our only direct contact with the Nazi's, for instance, is with a German officer who was raised among Jews, who has "nothing personal" against them, and is himself warweary. Lilo notes that when a fellow-officer arrives, "Of course, he has to put on then that he is being very correct with us." Of course. . .

Nemesis in this novel is represented by extermination—a perversion even of that perversion, war: life is represented by rape, a perversion of love. And Lilo allows herself to be raped—enjoys it, in fact, while her fiancé stands helplessly by. Then later she asks herself, "Why must I defend myself? I was not the one who did anything to anybody." Yet the rape, the token experience of love, allows her to survive, for when the Yagodahs are deported to the death camps she is left behind as a Jewish whore to a gentile who differs only slightly from her fiancé and guardian.

The key to this novel may be in a phrase of Marx which Lilo records. "An invitation to abandon illusions concerning a situation is an invitation to abandon a situation which has need of illusions." This Lilo never manages. In the end, abandoned by her lover, she remains a pawn, a concealed Jewess protecting a family of collaborators. Half mad, she is unable even to recall the prayers she wants to give to a god denied by the values by which her family lived.

Elman's ability to encapsulate the experience of World War II in a brief novel about one selfish girl, makes *Lilo's Diary* an important 20th Century work of fiction.

Elman prefaces his novel with an epigraph from Jeremiah which complains that "prophets prophesy in the service of falsehood, and the priests bear rule at their beck; and my people love to have it so." As we read *Lilo's Diary* we see ourselves and the world around us. 'My contemporaries," Elman writes, "are the dead children of Europe past and Asia present." Lilo's illusions are ours, and the end may come at any time. We have been warned.

REVIEWERS

LEONARD KRIEGEL, a professor of English at City College of New York, is presently in Europe on a study grant.

CHRISTOPHER KOCH, a writer and teacher, is currently Program Director of Station KPFK in Los Angeles.

JOHN W. GROUTT is a member of the theology faculty at Villanova.

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American Catholic Exodus

Edited by JOHN O'CONNOR

Corpus Books, $5.95

JOHN W. GROUTT

Recently a local radio program interviewed two psychologists who allowed themselves to be committed to a mental hospital in order to understand the emotional feelings of the patient. The institutional syndrome which developed in the doctors was frighteningly close to that which emerges from the pages of *American Catholic Exodus,* as scholars, journalists and administrators reflect on the experience of American Catholicism, 1968 variety.

In the hospital frustrations mounted and then turned to resignation as the patient was forced to wait for processing and occasional recognition by a doctor's appointment. Token rewards, such as 10¢ for mopping a floor, immediately conveyed the unreal world the patient had entered and his helplessness as long as he lived in that world. Isolation from the outside reinforced the importance of life within the institution. Trivial changes became monumental in a world where nothing really happened.

This is the image which takes shape as one after another of the ten Catholic and one Protestant authors struggle with the hang-ups of contemporary Roman Catholicism. Whether it is parochial schools, race relations, social justice, religious or lay life, war and peace, or institutional reorganization, the paranoid concern of the institutional Church for trivia, old patterns of behavior and its own welfare becomes apparent. Most of the writers approach the issues constructively and offer imaginative and reasonable programs which would begin to remedy the sickness of the institution, but one comes away with the conviction that their insights will continue to be ignored, or accepted when it is already too late.

A difficulty with the book itself is that it covers topics which have been openly and fully discussed in the better diocesan papers and periodicals such as *Commonweal* and *National Catholic Reporter.* With the type of coverage that has been given, it is a problem to bring together a book that is going to push so many issues one step forward.

The opening article by Philip Berrigan is an *apologia* for his prophetic action of pouring blood on draft board files. The Jesuit, Eugene Bianchi, notes the great progress made in the past seven years but warns that the climb toward Christian unity is now bogged down as institutional officers get along well in public, but use this to avoid facing the most significant issues of modern life. Stanford University professor Robert McAfee Brown argues an effective case for secular ecumenism. The depressing history of American Catholic attitudes toward the black man is traced by Dennis Clark. (He sketches a positive program that could be developed with leadership, but one ends up asking, "Lord, to whom shall we go?") The problematic future of sisters is discussed by Maryellen Muckenhirn (formerly Sister Charles Borromeo), while writer John Mulholland makes the observation

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on the laity that "never had so many been organized to do so little." The sharp knife of Arlene Swidler cuts through layers of ecclestical fat to lay open the sick attitudes which have effectively kept one-half of the Catholic population in the kitchen and bedroom for 2000 years.

For those of us unaccustomed to the present despair in the conservative camp, the picture is given in the most colorful language of the book by Fredrick Wilhelmsen, an editor of *Triumph*. Hope is not even seen forthcoming from Rome, for "there are signs that Pope Paul VI might just as well drop his encyclicals in the Tiber as address them to the Catholic world."

The concluding chapter of the book by editor John O'Connor observes that a big walk-away is happening. The bishops are, for many, the pall-bearers of God. They have split the Church from the Spirit and raised up the false god of institutionalism. He sees little chance they will realize they have murdered the most precious thing humanity ever possessed, and men of vision will have to push ahead without them.

CORRESPONDENCE

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Church. These liturgical experts might well be blamed for removing Latin from the liturgy, for changing the structure of the rite, for insisting on congregational participation, and for emphasizing the necessity of responding to the needs of the younger generation. But they are by no means responsible for authoritarian pastors who dismiss competent musicians and disband all choirs, for unimaginative priests who ineptly conduct liturgical services, for uncultured clerics who are as insistent on Ray Repp as they were on Gregorian Chant, and for reluctant parish priests who schedule the same four hymns every Sunday. Nor might I add are they responsible for the apathy and conservatism of the laymen who refuse to sing.

If Mr. Thibodeau has his way and the liturgists are banned from the temple, we are still faced with the only honest alternative being a return to the silent church. For the solution lies neither in a return to the days of the concertizing High Mass nor in turning the control of worship over to the musician. There simply are not enough theologically enlightened church musicians in existence who can convince both pastor and people that singing in the liturgy is really worth the effort.

It is not the people of God who have been had as Mr. Thibodeau thinks. It is the liturgists who have been had. Neither Church authority nor the laity in general have responded to the challenge laid before them by the liturgists these many years. I agree: *réforme, oui, chienlit, non.* But remember, the liturgists are the reformers; the priests and laity are the ones in disguise. They tricked the liturgists by letting them in the temple in the first place.

JAMES L. EMPEREUR, S.J.

Chilton, Wis.

To the Editors: Ralph Thibodeau's article regarding church singing was fun reading. I laughed. I seldom do.

Ralphy boy seems to find fault with "catering to the Least Common Denominator" and expects that "adenoidal voices" are about to "make a travesty of the by-then ersatz texts of the Missa Wilhelmi de Montibus." My A in Latin tells me that is supposed to mean hillbilly.

Here we are face to face with the old question: Can anything good come out of Nazareth? Christ was definitely hillbilly in that he came from the far away region where simple folk lived in their simple way. Geographically and culturally this was not the starting place for a redeemer. Later on he definitely hit the least common denominator when he ate with tax collectors and associated with people who drank.

I love long-hair music and frequent concerts at $7 a seat (Another A, please!). But when I offer a program to the parish I wish to cater to the young in whom lies the future of the Church and I'll brag about being Christian in catering to the common man.

(REV.) ALOYSIUS M. KNIER

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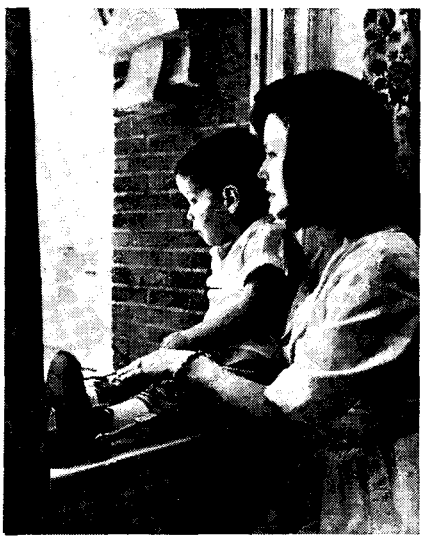

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